

COWBOY

No. 26

A CHARLTON MAGAZINE

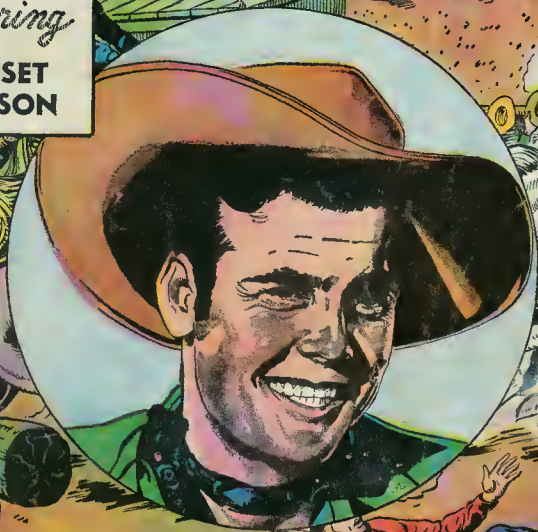
WESTERN

COMICS

10¢
F.P.I.

Starring


**SUNSET
CARSON**



SUNSET CARSON in "THE BATTLING MARSHAL"
THE EXTRA BULLET and WESTERN WONDERS



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



SUNSET CARSON

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RELEASED THRU ASTOR PICTURES CORP

"BATTLING MARSHALL"

YUCCA
PICTURES
CORP
PRESENTS

Sunset CARSON

Starring
SUNSET
CARSON
and his horse Cactus Jr

Co-Starring

FAT STARLING AS JANET TURNER
LEE ROBERTS AS LUCKY
AL TERRY AS BOB TURNER
RICHARD BARTLETT AS DR. ALEXANDER
PAT GLEASON AS JOHN MARTIN

MURDER AND SUDDEN DEATH ARE LOOSE IN THE MINING TOWN OF QUARTZVILLE WHILE PEACEFUL CITIZENS STAND HELPLESS IN THE WAVE OF TERROR! ONLY ONE MAN, SUNSET CARSON, IS CAPABLE OF BRINGING PEACE TO QUARTZVILLE'S FRIGHTENED OCCUPANTS. -- BUT THE KILLERS HAVE NO INTENTION OF LETTING THE STATE INVESTIGATOR REACH THE STRICKEN TOWN.

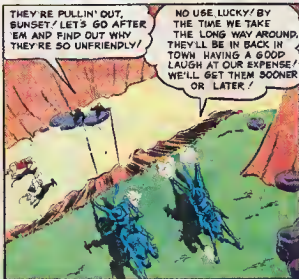
UNDER A HAIL OF LEAD THAT WOULD HAVE FOUND AN ORDINARY MAN, SUNSET CARSON AND HIS SIDEKICK, LUCKY, DIVE FOR COVER!

SOMETHIN' TELLS ME THEM FELLOWS DON'T LIKE US, SUNSET! I AIN'T ANY TOO FOND OF THEM EITHER!

IT SURE LOOKS AS THOUGH SOMEBODY'S ANXIOUS NOT TO HAVE US VISIT QUARTZVILLE, LUCKY! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE EXPECTED!

THEY'RE PULLIN' OUT, SUNSET! LET'S GO AFTER 'EM AND FIND OUT WHY THEY'RE SO UNFRIENDLY!

NO USE, LUCKY! BY THE TIME WE TAKE THE LONG WAY AROUND, THEY'LL BE IN BACK IN TOWN HAVING A GOOD LAUGH AT OUR EXPENSE! WE'LL GET THEM SOONER OR LATER!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

THE TOWN OF QUARTZVILLE IS THE CENTER OF RICH GOLD AND SILVER MINING PROPERTIES--AND WHERE'S GOLD, THERE'S THIEVES AND MURDERERS WHO PLACE WEALTH ABOVE HUMAN LIFE!

YOU HAVE TO TAKE GRANDPA JEFFERS' MEDICINE BACK WITH YOU! IF HE DOESN'T GET IT, HE'LL DIE!

I'LL GET IT, BOB, BUT IT'S MY LAST RUN! I'M GETTIN' OUT OF THIS TOWN--IT AIN'T HEALTHY!



DON'T LOSE THIS PRESCRIPTION--THE DOC SAYS IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT CAN SAVE GRANDPA JEFFERS' LIFE!

I'LL TAKE THAT! WHO CARES IF HE DIES!

GRANDPA JEFFERS IS THE MAN THAT SENT FOR ME--I'D BETTER GET IN ON THIS!



KEEP AWAY FROM ME, HACKER! YOU'RE NOT GOIN' TO-- UNGH!

I DO AS I PLEASE IN THIS TOWN, TURNER

MEDDLE YOU'LL STAY OUT OF MY WAY NOW!



YOU MUST BE THE LOCAL TOUGH GUY, HACKER! I'M GOING TO FIND OUT HOW TOUGH YOU REALLY ARE! FIRST I'LL TAKE THIS PRESCRIPTION!

YOU'RE ASKING FOR IT, CARSON, AND YOU SURE CAME TO THE RIGHT MAN!



LET'S JUMP THIS GUY--HE'S BEATIN' HACKER!

MOVE A FINGER AN' YOU'LL BE DEAD MEN! NOBODY JUMPS SUNSET CARSON WHILE I'M AROUND

GET THIS GUY RUSTY! HE--- OOF!!



DON'T HIT ME! I HAD ENOUGH! UNGH!

YOU'RE A YELLOW PUNK, HACKER!



I HEARD YOU MENTION GRANDPA JEFFERS, TURNER! HE'S THE MAN I CAME HERE TO SEE! WILL YOU DIRECT ME TO HIS RANCH?

IT'S A PRIVILEGE! I'LL RIDE OUT THERE WITH YOU--I WORK FOR THE LAZY J AND IT'S RIGHT ON MY WAY!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

LATER AT THE LAZY J, GRANDPA JEFFERS' RANCH, AND AN IMPORTANT PAWN IN THE VICIOUS CAMPAIGN OF TERROR AND SUDDEN DEATH!

SHORE HAPPY YOU'RE HERE, CARSON? IF THE DERNED BUSHWACKERS DON'T FINISH ME OFF--THIS PILL-ROLLER WILL!

CURING YOUR ILLNESS IS THE DOCTOR'S BUSINESS... I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE BUSHWACKERS--BETWEEN THE TWO OF US, YOU'LL LIVE A LONG TIME YET!



I'M GLAD YOU ARRIVED IN TIME, CARSON! I DON'T TRUST THAT DOCTOR--EVERY TIME HE GIVES ME THAT MEDICINE I FEEL WORSE! GET HIM AWAY FROM ME!

I INSIST YOU LET ME ADMINISTER THIS NYPODERMIC, MR. JEFFERS. I KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR YOU!

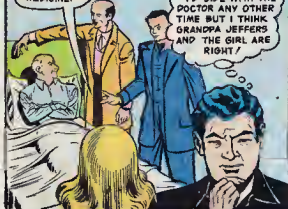
AS YOUR LAWYER, I ADVISE YOU TO LISTEN TO HIM, MR. JEFFERS.



HE'S RIGHT, DOCTOR--YOUR TREATMENT HASN'T HELPED MR. JEFFERS. I THINK HE'S BETTER OFF WITHOUT YOUR MEDICINE!

DON'T LISTEN TO THAT GIRL, MR. JEFFERS! SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT SHE'S TALKING ABOUT!

I'D SIDE WITH THE DOCTOR ANY OTHER TIME BUT I THINK GRANDPA JEFFERS AND THE GIRL ARE RIGHT!



IF HE DOESN'T WANT YOUR TREATMENT, DOCTOR, I DON'T THINK HE SHOULD BE FORCED TO HAVE IT! I SAY HE DOESN'T GET THAT NEEDLE!

DON'T INTERFERE OR YOU'LL BE SORRY, CARSON! GO AHEAD, DOCTOR, TAKE CARE OF YOUR PATIENT!

I'LL COME BACK WHEN THESE MEDDLERS ARE GONE, MR. JEFFERS.



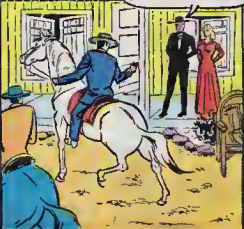
I DON'T BLAME GRANDPA JEFFERS FOR NOT TRUSTING THAT SAW BONES! HE LOOKS CROOKED TO ME! JOHN MARTIN IS FRIENDLY WITH HIM TOO, ISN'T HE?

HE'S THE ONE THAT BROUGHT DR. ALEXANDER OUT HERE! GRANDPA JEFFERS HAS BEEN GETTING WORSE EVER SINCE! I DON'T TRUST EITHER ONE!

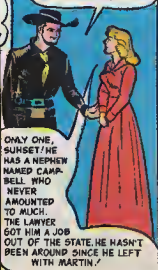


CARSON, YOU'RE TO BLAME IF MR. JEFFERS GETS WORSE! I'M WARNING YOU, I'LL PROSECUTE IF HE DOES!

I'LL BE AROUND MARTIN! I DON'T KNOW YOUR SET-UP YET, BUT I CAN SMELL A SKUNK WHEN HE'S STANDING AS CLOSE AS YOU ARE! GET OUT OF HERE AND STAY OUT!



WHO'S DUE TO INHERIT IF MR. JEFFERS DIES, JANET? HAS HE GOT ANY LIVING RELATIVES?



ONLY ONE, SUNSET! HE WAS A NEPHEW NAMED CAMPBELL WHO NEVER AMOUNTED TO MUCH. THE LAWYER GOT HIM A JOB OUT OF THE STATE, HE HASN'T BEEN AROUND SINCE HE LEFT WITH MARTIN.

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

SUNSET PROBED HIS WAY THROUGH THE MAZE OF VICIOUS INTRIGUE AND FOUND NO ANSWER! HE HAD MORE QUESTIONS FOR GRANDPA JEFFERS AFTER DINNER THAT EVENING...

HAVE YOU ANY REASON FOR NOT TRUSTING THE DOCTOR? WHY DO YOU HAVE HIM OUT HERE IF HE'S NO GOOD?

IF HE'S A DOCTOR, I'M A COLLEGE PROFESSOR! I'M SURE HE AND MARTIN ARE UP TO SOMETHING—I WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT THEIR SCHEME IS AND BREAK IT UP!



EVER SINCE MARTIN GOT FRIENDLY WITH THAT NO ACCOUNT NEPHEW OF MINE, I'VE HAD A FEELING THAT HE'S UP TO SOMETHING! I ONLY HEARD FROM THE BOY ONCE AND MARTIN DELIVERED THAT LETTER HIMSELF!

THIS IS BEGINNING TO MAKE SENSE, MR. JEFFERS IF ALEXANDER IS A PHONY AND MARTIN HAS A HOLD ON YOUR NEPHEW, THEY COULD CONTROL THIS RANCH IN A SHORT TIME!



IF I'M RIGHT, MR. JEFFERS, THEY'LL TRY TO KILL YOU ANOTHER WAY NOW THAT YOU CHASED DOCTOR ALEXANDER AND JOHN MARTIN! YOU'D BETTER STAY AWAY OPEN WINDOWS STARTING RIGHT THIS MINUTE!



THEY WON'T RESORT TO MURDER, CARSON! THEY'RE NOT THE TYPE TO---

MISSED! THE MURDERING RATS! I'LL GET THE MAN THAT FIRED THAT SHOT!



WHO FIRED THAT SHOT? COME ON, MEN, LET'S GET HIM!

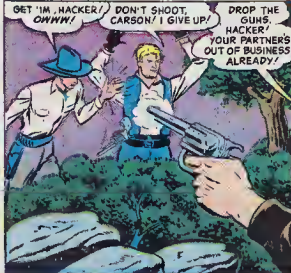
THAT SHOT DIDN'T COME FROM OVER THERE! I'LL LOOK IN THE OTHER DIRECTION---



GET 'IM, HACKER! OWHH!

DON'T SHOOT, CARSON! I GIVE UP!

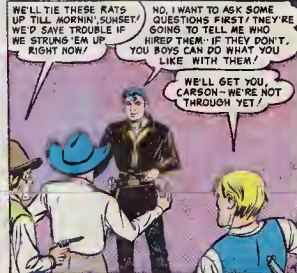
DROP THE GUNS, HACKER! YOUR PARTNER'S OUT OF BUSINESS ALREADY!



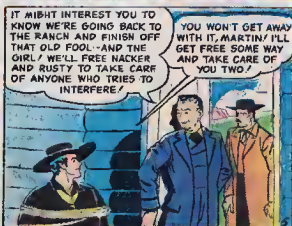
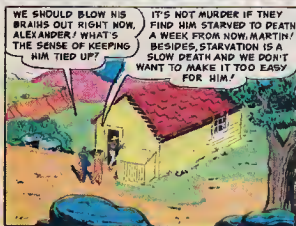
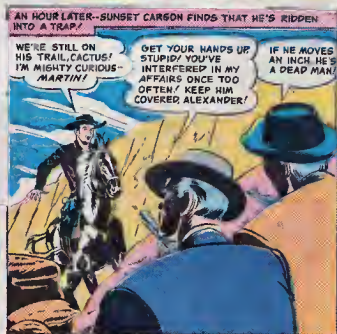
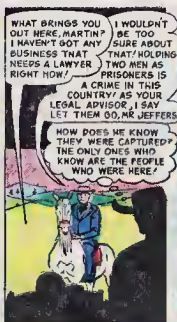
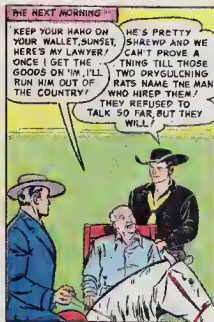
WE'LL TIE THESE RATS UP TILL MORNIN', SUNSET! WE'D SAVE TROUBLE IF WE STRUNG 'EM UP RIGHT NOW!

NO, I WANT TO ASK SOME QUESTIONS FIRST! THEY'RE GOING TO TELL ME WHO HIRED THEM--IF THEY DON'T, YOU BOYS CAN DO WHAT YOU LIKE WITH THEM!

WE'LL GET YOU, CARSON--WE'RE NOT THROUGH YET!



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COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

BUT SUNSET CARSON WASN'T THE ONLY MAN ON JOHN MARTIN'S TRAIL--LUCKY, SUNSET'S PARTNER WASN'T FAR BEHIND---

I'LL BE OUT OF HERE IN A FEW MINUTES! I HAVE TO GET TO THE RANCH BEFORE--LUCKY! HOW DID YOU FIND ME?

TRACKED YOU AND THAT SNAKE, MARTIN! THINGS ARE GOING TUM BUST LOOSE PRETTY QUICK, SUNSET! WE GOT TO GET MOVING!



WHY DID YOU COME BACK, MARTIN? IT'S NOT--WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I HAVE A HUNCH YOU'RE THIS CAMPBELL FELLOW WHO'S SUPPOSED TO BE OUT OF THE STATE! START TALKING CAMPBELL--THIS GUN IS LIABLE TO GO OFF!



THEY STOPPED HERE BEFORE, THEY WENT TO THE RANCH. THERE'S THEIR TRACKS LEADING UP TO THAT SHACK!

IT'S A DESERTED HOME-STEADERS PLACE, LUCKY! LET'S TAKE A LOOK INSIDE!



JIMMY CAMPBELL WAS A WEAKLING AND EASILY LED. HE TALKED AND SUNSET CARSON LISTENED TO A ROTTEN SCHEME FOR MURDER--

I TRIED TO MAKE THEM PROMISE NOT TO HURT THE OLD MAN BUT JOHN MARTIN WOULDN'T LISTEN! THE LAZY J RANCH IS BUILT OVER THE LOST NORTH STAR GOLD MINE--ALEXANDER'S NOT A DOCTOR, HE'S A GEOLOGIST! HE TOLD MARTIN ABOUT IT AND THEY FORCED ME TO PLAY ALONG!

YOU'RE NOT WORTH A BULLET, CAMPBELL! YOU'D LET THEM MURDER YOUR OWN UNCLE FOR A FEW ROTTEN DOLLARS! COME ON WITH US!



WHAT HAS CLEM HACKER TO DO WITH THIS?

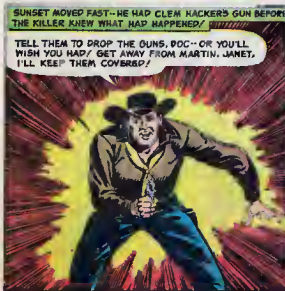
HE'S JUST A HIRED KILLER! I HEARD ALEXANDER BAWL HIM OUT FOR TRYING TO GET GRANDPA JEFFERS' PRESCRIPTION--IT'S POISON AND IT'LL KILL HIM IF HE TAKES IT!



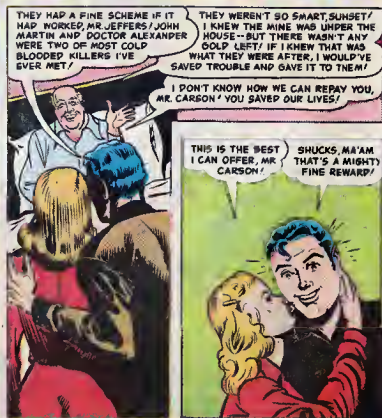
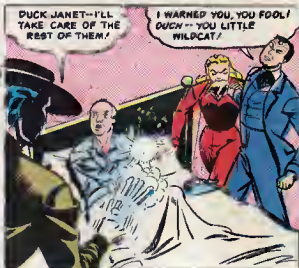
WATCH CAMPBELL, LUCKY--I'LL SEE WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE THE HOUSE! KEEP A SHARP--HACKER!

YOU'RE THROUGH, SUNSET! MARTIN AND ALEXANDER HAVE THE OTHERS INSIDE! GET OFF THAT HORSE!





COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE



A COWBOY WESTERN FEATURE

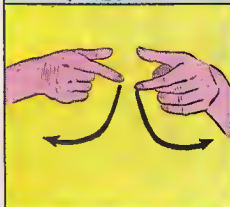
INDIAN LORE

THE USE OF THE HANDS TO DESCRIBE SPEECH IS CALLED SIGN LANGUAGE. IT IS USED BY EVERY RACE ON THE GLOBE. TODAY THE AMERICAN INDIAN IS UNDOUBTEDLY THE BEST SIGN TALKER THE WORLD KNOWS. ONE COULD WATCH TWO INDIANS "TALK" FOR HOURS BY SIMPLE GESTURES OF THE HANDS.



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

DRIVE- WITH HANDS OPPOSITE EACH OTHER AND THE SAME HEIGHT, ABOUT AN INCH BETWEEN TIPS OF THUMBS; MOVE HANDS IN DIRECTION OF THE DRIVE



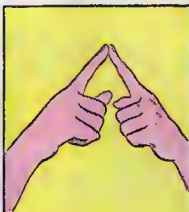
JEALOUS- HOLD LEFT HAND FLAT, BACK UP, AND WITH RIGHT HAND STAB UNDER ONCE OR TWICE



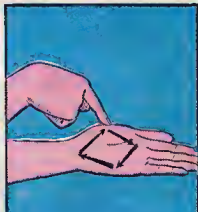
JOKE- HOLD THE RIGHT HAND NEAR MOUTH, SWING THE HAND FORWARD AND UPWARD.



LAST- HOLD UP THE LEFT HAND, PUSH IT STRAIGHT AWAY, THEN TAP THE THUMB WITH THE RIGHT HAND



MATE- PUT THE FINGERS IN TENT FORM, FINGERS TOUCHING.



MONEY- PLACE LEFT HAND FLAT, WITH RIGHT HAND DRAW SHAPE OF BILLS ON PALM.

EACH TRIBE OF INDIANS HAD THEIR OWN NAMES FOR THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR. HERE ARE THE MOST POPULAR



LEGENDS OF

PAUL
BUNYAN

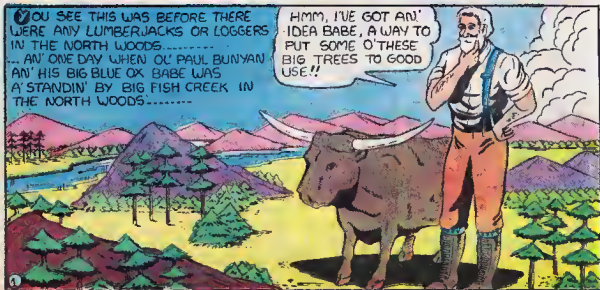
GOLLY,
GRANDPA, HOW DO
YOU MAKE THE TREES
FALL IN ANY DIRECTION
YOU WANT THEM TO ??

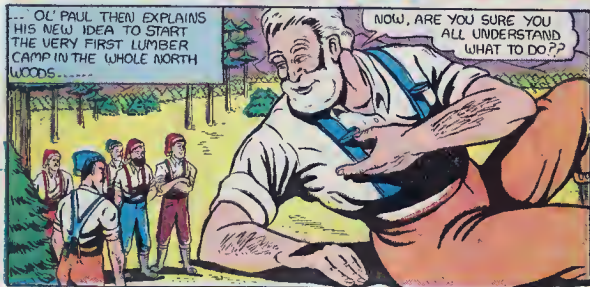
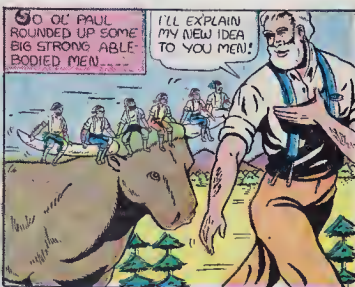
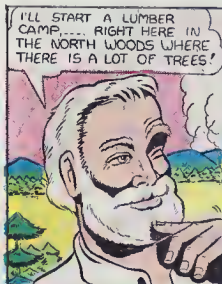
WELL, SON, THAT'S A LONG
STORY,... O' COURSE YOU SEE
THE LOGGERS HAVE HANDED
THE KNOWLEDGE DOWN TO THE
OTHER LUMBERJACKS THROUGH
THE YEARS,.... BUT IT ALL
STARTED MANY YEARS AGO.!

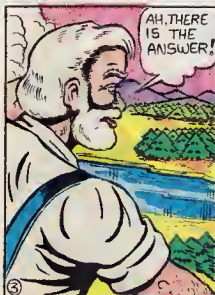
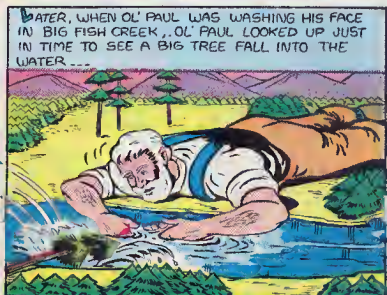
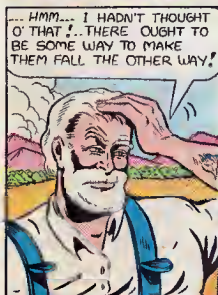
BY GINT HARMON

YOU SEE THIS WAS BEFORE THERE
WERE ANY LUMBERJACKS OR LOGGERS
IN THE NORTH WOODS.....
... AN' ONE DAY WHEN OL' PAUL BUNYAN
AN' HIS BIG BLUE OX BABE WAS
A' STANDIN' BY BIG FISH CREEK IN
THE NORTH WOODS.....

HMM, I'VE GOT AN'
IDEA BABE, A WAY TO
PUT SOME O'THES
BIG TREES TO GOOD
USE!!







COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

SO FOR A WHOLE WEEK...
THERE SIT THE MEN ON
THE BANK OF BIG FISH CREEK,
... JUST A'WATCHIN'!



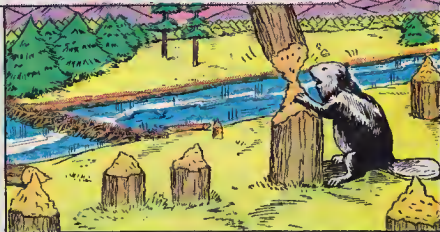
...WELL, AFTER THAT, ALL OF PAUL'S MEN
COULD CUT A TREE DOWN AN'D DROP IT ON
A DIME-----



BUT GRANDPA!
WHAT, WAS
THE MEN
WATCHIN' AN'
HOW DID THEY
LEARN HOW TO
FALL TREES?



WELL, SON... THEY WERE A'WATCHING THE VERY FIRST LOGGER
OF THE WHOLE NORTH WOODS, ... AN' BELIVE IT OR NOT M'BOY,
... HE HAD FOUR LEGS, ... YESSIR, IT WERE NONE OTHER THAN
TH' LITTLE BEAVER THAT TAUGHT UM' HOW!!



... AN' SOME FOLKS SAY IF IT HADN'T BEEN
FOR THE BEAVER A'BUILDIN' THE FIRST DAMS,
... PEOPLE MIGHT HAVE NEVER THOUGHT
O' BUILDING BIG, BEAUTIFUL, AND USEFUL
DAMS, LIKE "THE BOULDER DAM"!

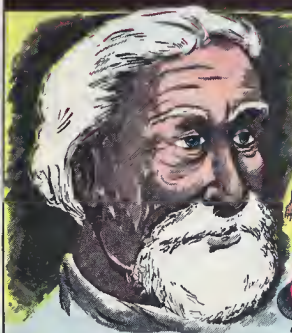


LOOK OUT,
GRANDPA!!
YOU BETTER
GO WATCH TH
BEAVERS!

Chris Harrison

WESTERN WONDERS

WAS IT
JESSE JAMES
WHO "BOB FORD"
SHOT ???



COULD IT BE THAT "JESSE JAMES" IS STILL ALIVE??!.... 102 YEAR OLD J. FRANK DALTON CLAIMS HE IS "JESSE JAMES"---- AND THAT THE MAN WHO WAS SHOT AT JESSE JAMES (ALIAS "MR HOWARD") HOME AT ST. JOSEPH, MO. BY JESSE'S COUSIN BOB FORD ON APRIL 3, 1892 WAS ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE GANG "CHARLIE BIGELOW!!.... WE WONDER??!...

TILL THE SANDS OF
THE DESERT GROW
COLD!



THAT LINE FROM A WELL KNOWN SONG, ISN'T SO FAR-FETCHED AS IT SOUNDS,--- WHILE THE SANDS OF THE WESTERN DESERTS ARE VERY HOT FROM THE BOILING SUN IN THE DAY TIME,--- BUT, THE SANDS COOL OFF VERY QUICKLY AT NIGHT,--- AND IF YOU WERE SLEEP OUT ON THE DESERT, YOU WOULD FIND IT RATHER CHILLY IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE A BLANKET!



Steve Harmon

THE EXTRA BULLET



Sheriff Ben Halloday placed a shell in his single barrel shot gun and then sighed. "Hope I don't have to use this when the trouble begins," he remarked as the shot gun joined a Winchester, a Buffalo rifle, four loaded Colts, and two derringers on the table in his office. The sheriff was short and thick-set, broad-shouldered and of athletic build. He had a big face and was ruddy in complexion. His age was somewhere in the early 'forties. The people of Washoe Valley had chosen him for the law office because of the reputation he had made for himself down in Texas. And now there was trouble ahead, lots of it.

Seated on a lone chair near the table was Doc Joyster Caria, more popularly known as Doc J. C., the only physician in the valley as well as its coroner. He was a thin-looking man, with a massive and rugged forehead, white hair, and a pair of small silver spectacles that rested halfway down his long nose. He was eyeing the display of artillery on the table. "You think that Henry Wells is going to get up the vigilantes?" he questioned. The Sheriff shrugged his shoulders. "Think is the wrong word," he replied. "Up to an hour ago I had six deputies working for me. They have vanished into thin air. Henry has been passing out the drinks freely at his saloon. He started the talk about stringing up George Emery to the nearest tree. The mob is in an ugly mood. Guess in about fifteen minutes they will be here demanding that I turn my prisoner over to them."

"And are you?" demanded Doc J. C. The sheriff grinned. "You know me better than any man in town. What do you say?" The reply was a friendly laugh. "My judgment is that the only way they will ever get their man is over our dead bodies. And I still can handle a gun." Sheriff Ben Halloday glanced in the direction of the single cell that adjoined his office. "I'm going to take George Emory out of his cell and bring him here. In case of fighting,

I'll give him a gun and a chance to defend himself."

The Sheriff took a key off a 'hook on the wall above his desk. He walked across the room and opened the cell door. "Come on into my office George," he announced. A good-looking, clear-eyed boy in his early twenties came into the room. His eyes were green-grey, his hair brown and he was about five feet ten. There was a worried look on his face. It became more so as he noticed the guns on the the table. "Does that mean a mob is forming to get me, Sheriff?" Ben Halloday shook his head in the affirmative. "Just a slight correction, son. It means a mob is forming to try to get you. There are three of us, and there may be a hundred of them. But as long as we have cartridges, they will never get into this office."

"Thanks, sheriff," said the young man and then he added, "Thanks to you too, Doc. Anything I can do?" The coroner chewed his lower lip slightly before speaking. "Got no objection to dying to keep them from getting you. The law must be upheld here in the West if we are going to grow. Just a hit curious, though. I would like to hear your side of the story."

"Not much to tell, and I know it is even harder to believe," began George Emery. "For the last three months I have been living in the cabin near the creek. Bought it from Jack Slade when he decided to go to California and try his luck on the coast. I have managed to get along panning gold on the creek. Not much, but enough to keep me in supplies. On Friday I was preparing my lunch when I heard a knock on the door. Opened it and something struck me on the head. When I recovered consciousness, there I was on the road with the dead body of poor Pat Connor about fifty feet from me. People must be crazy to say I held up the stage, killed Pat, and stole the gold."

"People may be crazy," observed Doc J. C., "but nevertheless that is just what they are

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

saying. How does his tale fit in with the facts you know, Ben?" The Sheriff's face was a study in seriousness. There were lines on his forehead as though he were deep in thought. "It just doesn't fit in, and make sense," he said. "Not a soul knew that the stage for Hinton City was carrying bullion. Even Pat the driver thought he was only carrying plain mail for Newton City. It was Jess Perkin's idea to let folks think an empty stage was going to Newton City on the regular run only with plain mail. After all, he's boss of the stage company, so I had to agree. That means only Jess and myself knew about the gold bullion. No one man could have carried that bullion by himself or even moved that much on a single horse. So if George did hold up the stage he must have had help. And if he didn't do it, then there must have been two other men in the plot. What do you say, Doc?"

The old physician grinned. "I know George must be innocent, though it may be hard to convince people or even a court." The eyes of the Sheriff and his prisoner betrayed amazement at those words. Doc J. C. continued speaking. "During the war between the States, I spent three years as an army surgeon. Got any idea about how many bullets I took out of wounded soldiers? Enough to erect a monument for myself when dead. This much I noticed. When a soldier got shot at close quarters, there were always signs of powder burns around the wound. But when the bullet came from any distance, no powder burns. Remember what happened Sheriff, when you found George? You decided to visit Wash Perkins about his trouble at the mine. You heard a shot and urged your horse to go faster. Then you found the stage on the road with its path blocked by a chopped tree. The driver was dead. He had his gun in his hand, about thirty feet away from George according to your story. That means someone took Pat's gun from him when he was dead, shot George, and put it back in Pat's hand. Probably intended to finish off George but hearing approaching hoofbeats, quickly made a change of plans."

"Why you certainly got something there, Doc," complimented the Sheriff. The praise fell on deaf ears as the old man added. "When I examined Pat Connor, found he had been shot exactly eight times I grant you, it was with George's .44 Winchester. But on George's head there was a nice big bump. So his story could be true, in fact, it must be true."

The Sheriff was about to reply, when he heard a commotion outside his office. Glancing through the window he remarked, "Well, here

comes trouble. I'm going outside, you back me up Doc." Then he opened the door and calmly faced an ugly group of men. A powerfully built man, with square jaw and deep set eyes was the leader. Henry Wells knew the men behind would follow him. "Sheriff", he shouted, "we don't aim to make any trouble for the law. In fact, we are going to help it. You have a good for nothing skunk who held up the stage, shot the driver, and stole the gold. No use wasting time giving him a trial when he's guilty. We are going to take care of his execution right now."

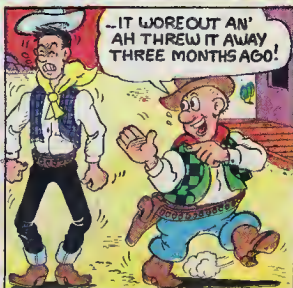
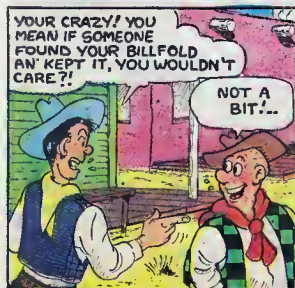
Doc J. C. appeared at the side of his friend, holding the double-barreled shotgun. "Remember folks," he warned, "if I have to shoot any trouble maker, going to be double charge to remove the lead." There was a slight titter among the men at the remark. When a mob laughs, it is no longer a mob. A sharp voice, that of Jess Perkins, spoke. "No use wasting time listening to the old fool. Come on boys, let's get George Emery."

The Sheriff's right hand swung close to the heavy buckled, bullet studded belt that held his six-shooter. "I have a lot more firearms inside," he warned. "If you try anything, there will be bloodshed, yours. Even if I have to riddle you through and through six times straight."

"I suppose it was fine for the killer to riddle poor Pat eight times and you want to do the same to us," snapped back Henry Wells. The Sheriff's sharp ears had heard a number mentioned and his mind started to function at high speed. "Wait a moment, folks," he said. "You can have your killer. At least one of them, Henry Wells just told you all he killed Pat." "He's a madman" shouted Jess Perkins. "No, I'm not. Only Doc and myself knew Pat was killed with eight bullets. We didn't tell a soul. But the killer knew how many shots he fired. So Henry Wells must be the killer."

A face turned ghastly white. Then in desperation Wells shouted, "Jess, you got me into this, get me out of it." In its fury the mob pushed forward and the Sheriff spoke at the top of his lungs. "You almost wanted to lynch an innocent man. You have done enough mischief. Let me have the two killers and we will give them a speedy trial."

A week later, George Emery sat in his cabin looking at his visitor, Doc J. C. "Just came up to tell you a secret, young man. There were really only seven bullets in Pat. I counted the bullet I took out of your arm as the eighth. Had I told Ben it was seven, he might never have trapped Henry Wells."



YUCCA PICTURES PRESENTS.....

SUNSET CARSON

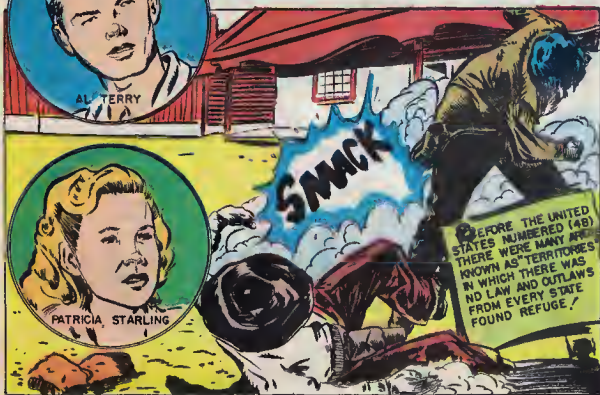
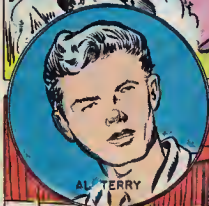
and her horse CACTUS JR.
IN

THE FIGHTING MUSTANG

STARRING

AL TERRY · PATRICIA STARLING

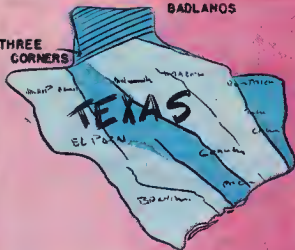
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COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

BADLANDS

THREE
CORNERS



SUCH A PLACE WAS "THE
BAOLANDS" A TERRITORY
BORDERING THE NORTHWESTERN
SECTION OF TEXAS. THREE
CORNERS, WITH A SMALL
TRADING POST OWNED AND
OPERATED BY RITA BENNET
AND HER BROTHER TIM, WAS
THE CAPITAL!

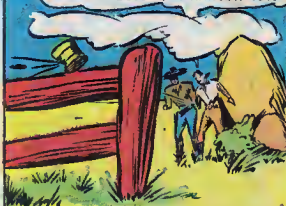
SUNSET CARSON OPERATES OUT OF
THE RANGER POST ADJOINING THIS
TERRITORY!



SUNSET IS HELPED BY HIS PAL JEO, A
YOUNG BOY OF 19 ADOPTED BY SUNSET.



I'M PRACTISING SHOOTING
SO I CAN BECOME A RANGER TOO!



JEO HAS A BURNING DESIRE TO
BECOME A RANGER!



WARREN, AN OLD TIME HORSE HUNTER,
HAS THE CONTRACT TO DELIVER
HORSES TO THE RANGERS

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

EVERYTIME WARREN ROUNDS UP A FINE BAND OF REMOUNTS FOR DELIVERY, THE BADLANDS OUTLAWS SWOOP DOWN AND RUSTLE HIS HERD!



SUNSET DECIDES TO GO INTO THREE CORNERS TO REGAIN THE STOLEN HORSES!



JED PLEADS TO GO WITH HIM!

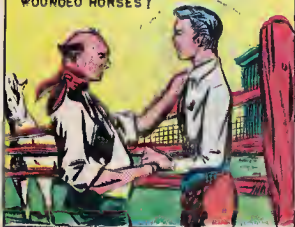


PLEASE SUNSET?

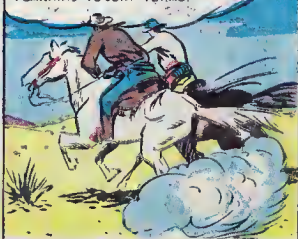
SUNSET GRANTS PERMISSION!



BEFORE THEY LEAVE, JED EXTRACTS A PROMISE FROM KELLY, THE OLD ROUSTABOUT AT THE RANGER STATION, TO CARE FOR ONE OF WARREN'S WOUNDED HORSES!



ENROUTE TO THE BADLANDS, SUNSET TELLS JED THE HONEST SETTLERS OF THE BADLANDS ARE PLANNING TO JOIN TEXAS!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



RITA DISLIKES THE LAW BUT REALIZES SUNSET IS IMPORTANT BECAUSE HE CAN LEAD THEM TO THE COMMITTEE WORKING ON ANNEXATION!



SHE SAVES HIS LIFE BY UNTYING SUNSET AND LETTING HIM ESCAPE!



DURING THE FRACAS A WAGON ROLLS UP WITH RITA'S SISTER NELEN!



RITA IS FURIOUS AT NELEN'S COMING WEST AND TRIES TO INDUCE HER TO RETURN EAST- WITHOUT SUCCESS!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

SUNSET AND JED RETURN TO THE RANGER POST AND FIND THE SICK HORSE WHICH JED NAMES COMANCHE!



RANGERS
THIS IS TO CERTIFY
THAT JED BURROWS IS A
RANGER OF THE STATE
OF TEXAS.
Quilley
COMMANDING OFFICER

JED IS ACCEPTED AS A
RANGER!

THAT SAME DAY,
COMANCHE KILLS A
MAN AND IS CON-
DEMNED TO BE

SHOT!



JED IS HEART BROKEN AND RUNS
OFF WITH COMANCHE!



SUNSET IS INSTRUCTED TO CAPTURE
JED AND THE HORSE!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

GOMANCHE RUSHES SUNSET
KNOCKING HIM OFF A CLIFF
SERIOUSLY INJURING HIM?



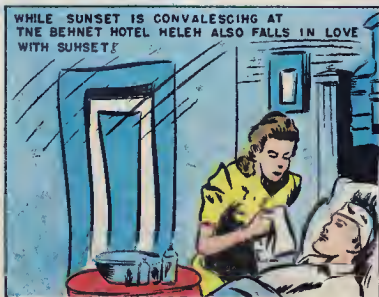
JEO RIDES TO THREE CORNERS FOR HELP?



RITA GOES BACK TO AID SUNSET
WHOM SHE LOVES?



WHILE SUNSET IS CONVALESCING AT
THE BEHNET HOTEL HELEN ALSO FALLS IN LOVE
WITH SUNSET?

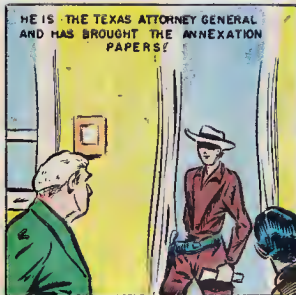


SUNSET FULLY RECOVERED
RETURNS TO THE RANGER
STATION AND FINDS A
VISITOR WAITING?



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

HE IS THE TEXAS ATTORNEY GENERAL
AND HAS BROUGHT THE ANNEXATION
PAPERS!

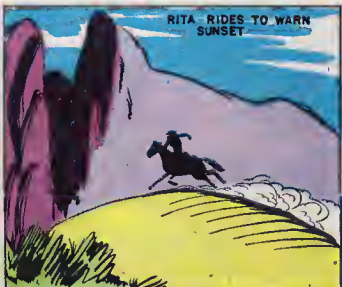


KELLY THE ROUSABOUT IS
REALLY WORKING FOR BART
AND RUSHES TO REPORT!



BART DETERMINES TO KILL
SUNSET //

RITA RIDES TO WARN
SUNSET



JED RIDES TO THE
AMBUSH !

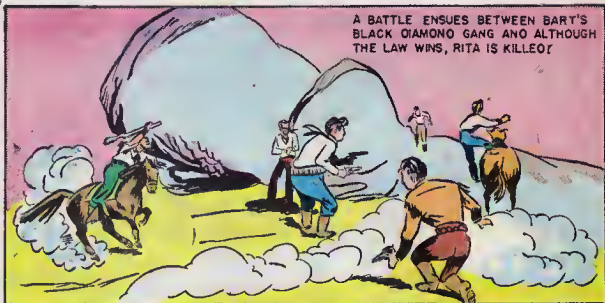


RITA DELIVERS THE WARNING TO
SUNSET AND THE COMMITTEEMEN



'COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

A BATTLE ENSUES BETWEEN BART'S
BLACK DIAMOND GANG AND ALTHOUGH
THE LAW WINS, RITA IS KILLED



THREE CORNERS IS OFFICIALLY ANNEXED TO
TEXAS!



JEO'S HEROIC
DEEDS CAUSE
FORGIVENESS
FOR HIS
DESERTION!



HELEN WINS SUNSET
AND THEY RIDE OFF
TOGETHER !!!

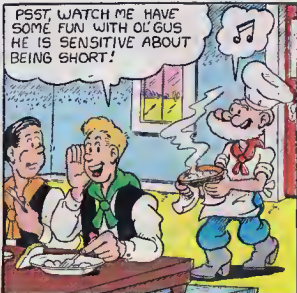


CHUCK WAGON

GUS



PSST, WATCH ME HAVE
SOME FUN WITH OL' GUS
HE IS SENSITIVE ABOUT
BEING SHORT!



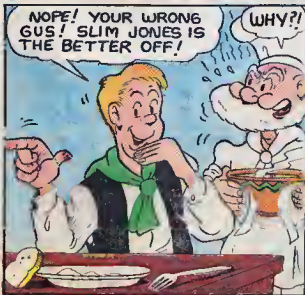
SAY GUS, I WANT TO ASK
YOU A QUESTION, SLIM JONES
HERE IS OVER SIX FEET
TALL, BUT SHORTY BROWN
IS UNDER SIX FEET,
WHICH ONE IS TH'
BETTER OFF?



THERE AIN'T NOTHIN'
WRONG WIF' BEIN' SHORT!
SHORTY BROWN IS JUST AS
WELL OFF!



NOPE! YOUR WRONG
GUS! SLIM JONES IS
THE BETTER OFF!



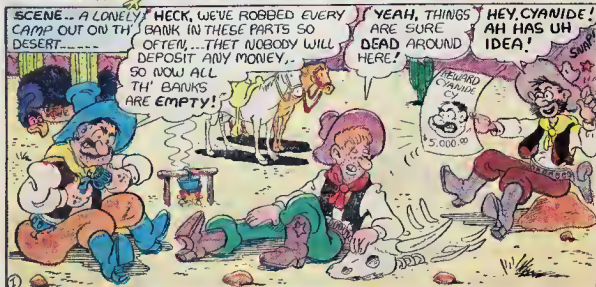
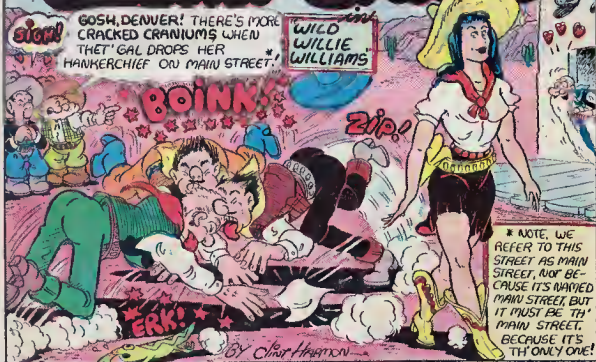
BECAUSE, SHORTY
BROWN IS UNDER
SIX FEET ON
BOOT HILL!

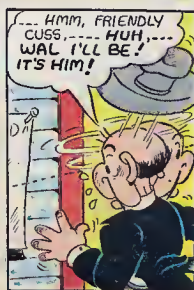
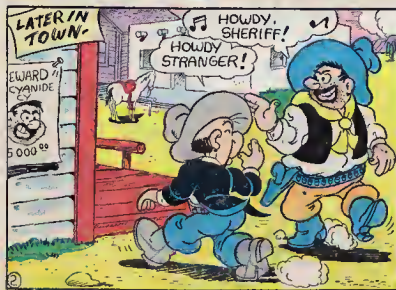
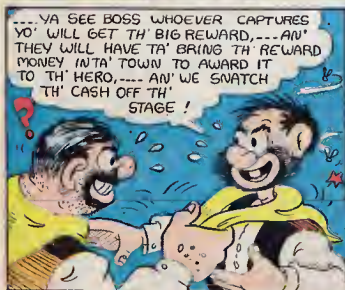
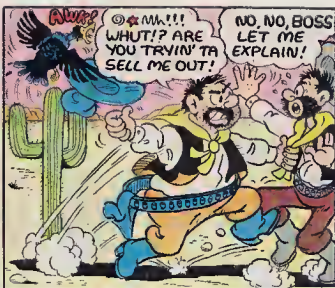
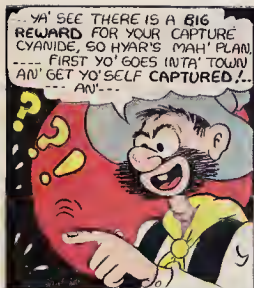


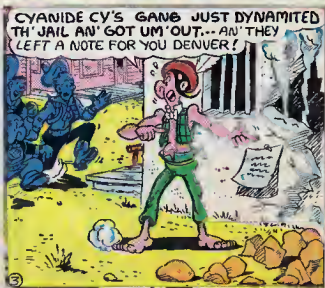
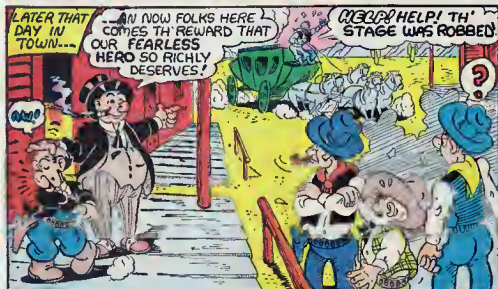
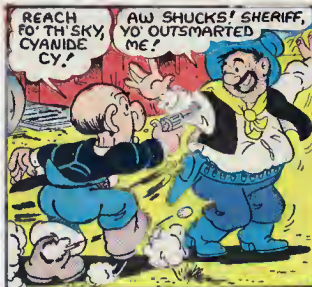
TH'
OL'
SOREHEAD!



DENVER MUDD AND BUSHEY BARNS





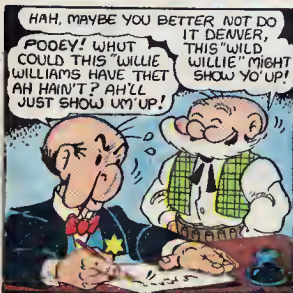
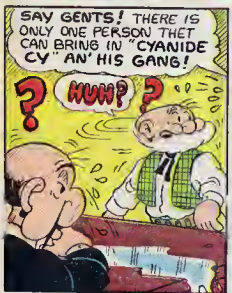




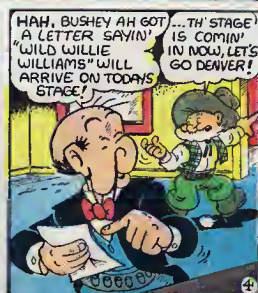
...AFTER A
FRUITLESS
HUNT....
DENVER
RETURNS TO
HIS OFFICE...

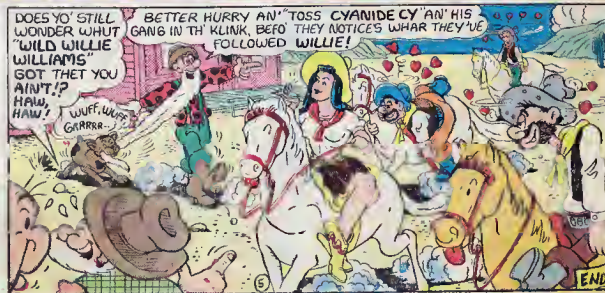
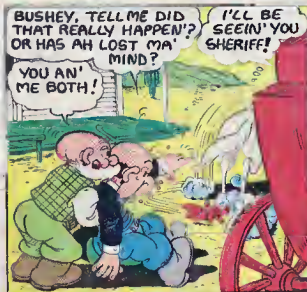
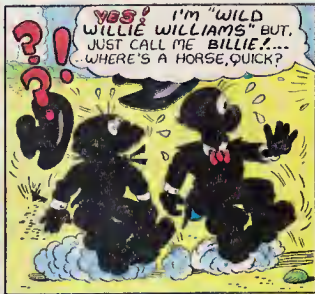
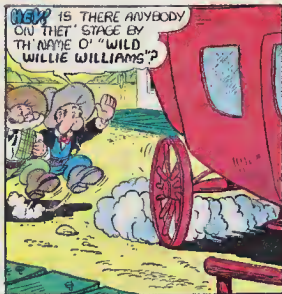
SOB, SOB, ..
ALL IS LOST,
LETTIN' THEM
RATS MAKE A
FOOL OUT O'
ME!

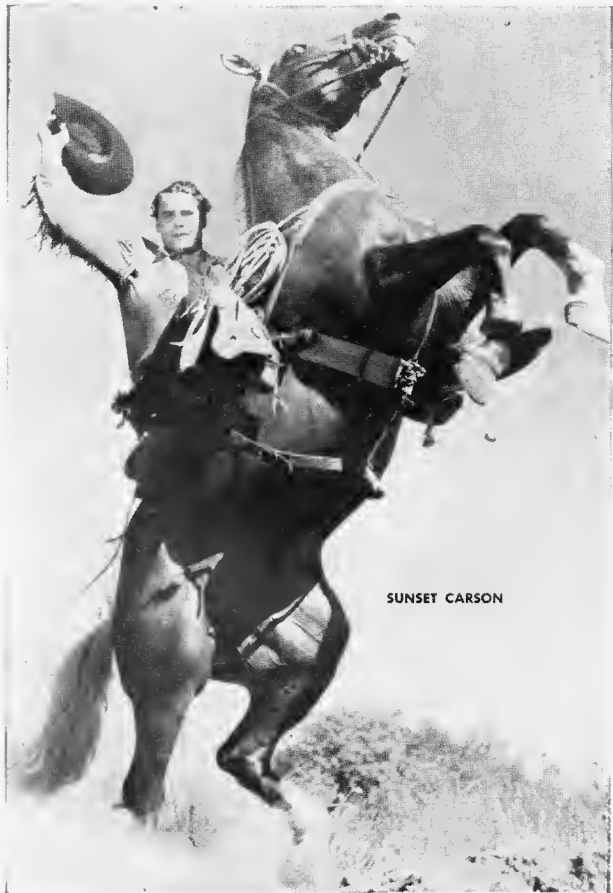
AW
NOW,
DENVER!
DON'T BLAME
THAT ON THEM
TOO!



A
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T
E
R







SUNSET CARSON

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OUT OF LIFE GET FIT WITH
JOE BONOMO'S
MAGIC DE LUXE
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Figure 8	\$4.95 — One month Price Data
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COUPON
NOW**

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'MINI-GYM'
by MODEL
S, M or L.

MODEL 3
☐ If you are under 5 ft. 10 in.

图 2-2-10 中 4 种情况, 其结果如图 2-2-11 所示。

☐ If you are 5 ft. to 5 ft. 11 in.

10 ju. sold

MODEL 1

☐ If you are
over 5 ft. 10
in. tall,

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COWBOY WESTERN

28

JUNE 1950

COVER . ALISON (BRAND) & DEMARCO^o

IFC: PHOTO: SC

SC - BATTING MARSHALL

8

INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE

DEMARCO*

2

LEGENDS OF PAUL BUNYAN

HARMON*

4

WESTERN WONDERS

HARMON*

1

THE EXTRA BULLET

TEXT

2

HAPPY HOMER

HARMON*

1

SC - FIGHTING MUSTANG

SHERMAN^①

8

CHUCK WAGON GUN

HARMON*


1

DM & BB - WILD WILIE WILLIAMS

HARMON*

5

IBC - PHOTO - SC


 RIPPED OFF THREE TIMES by LS in
Fighting Mustang

① WITH SOME FACES BY TEK BLAISDELL